



Revolver, cutless what else?



15 0 2

Chapter 1 by Daniel Paice

It was a perfect day.

Apart from the fact she had to do this; such a terrible thing. What would they say, what would SHE say?

WHAM!

A fist plunged into her, startling her, her foot slip under the pressure.

She brought her revolver and cutless from where they were fixed magnetically to her hip. She sent a volley of bullets towards him. Towards the man with yellow eyes.

Nothing. They just disappeared.

'Damn!' She breathed. That was the third time that'd happened this week.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account